

POLICEMEN ARE OUR FRIENDS



The Lord God Almighty created policemen because he knew that *you* had to be watched. The Man Upstairs is the Chief of Police, but he couldn't be everywhere at once. So he blessed us with policemen to save us from ourselves, our soiled inner nature. No one personifies innocence more than lawmen do. Their morals shine like their chrome badges at high noon. Like Jesus, cops spill their blood for our sins. But they dress better than Jesus did. Think of them as cherubim in blue.

They're here to help you, but you have to *want* to be helped. Take a peep at that group of cops standing over there. Gosh darn, look at the shadows they throw. Those cops must be eight feet tall, and they're headed in our direction. Here come the police. There's hope for the world. Open your heart to a cop. Let him love you. Let him beat you. It's the same thing.

Policemen are society's good eggs, yet they're always being poached. No one is more misunderstood than a cop. Give a flatfoot a break, won't you? He's forced to baby-sit all the unwanted people. He gets blamed for not educating them, for not finding them employment, for denying them happy family environments. Imagine a full-time job where you're constantly taunted and spit on and

wrestled with and lied to. Tons of stinking emotional baggage zing by your head daily. Just when you thought it was time to relax, a twelve-year-old with an automatic pistol snipes at you from atop a light pole. Day after day after day after day, you drown in fathomless wells of human guilt. You spend your life amid the lower octaves of the evolutionary scale. You crawl through the worms and pray for another day.

FREEZE! Cops are the only people standing between *you* and *them*. You're too weakened by civilization to defend yourself. You want someone else to do your dirty work, just as you expect Ronald McDonald to slaughter your cattle and chicken before you eat them.

In case you haven't noticed, there's a lot of cheap, spoiled meat on the streets these days. Does that statement make you defensive? Perhaps I'm talking about you. Roll call: junkies, gangsters, killers, rapists, animal-sodomists, dustheads, welfare-cheats, petty thieves, wife-beaters, carjackers, pimps, strawberries, squatters, puke-smearing drunks, crusty schizos, crack babies, AIDS-splattered shooting galleries....Had enough, Buster? Cops spend all week with their heads dunked in the social toilet. They see all the oozing pus sores, the social cancers, every predatory, bottom-feeding, crustacean character no one else is able to handle. Could you endure the naked stench for fifteen minutes? No, but you sit and criticize like the cowering, two-bit punk you are.

Cops get squeezed in between criminals and the government. Somehow, they get blamed for the sins of both. If you think the government must be destroyed, don't go after the police, because they're only the guard dogs. If "fight the power" is your dull battle cry, don't shoot the Doberman, shoot its owner. Don't blame cops for social problems. Go after their bosses. Save your anger for those who make the laws, not their paid enforcers. But ascribe a smidgen of culpability to the criminals, too. Cops are merely zoo-keepers who get blamed for cleaning up the animals' mess. But they don't own the zoo.

Don't call them pigs, you pig. If some cops are corrupt, it's because they've been dealing with people like *you* their whole lives. All you do is piss and moan about cops. Why? Guilty of something? I hope Porky the Pig is off eating donuts while you're getting bum-rushed. I hope he's writing a jaywalking ticket as someone crawls in your bedroom window and slices you up like lunch meat. I hope 911 is a joke when *you* need it. I hope the police arrive too late to save you but just in time to watch you die. I hope their spotlights blind you and their sirens deafen you, a thousand of them swirling in the night as you hack up your last breath.



Test after test has proven that people who hate cops suffer from low self-esteem. Cops remind you of a power which will never be yours. You don't have what it *takes* to be a cop. Cops can sense this fact when they pull you over for speeding. Policemen don't like you because they can smell your inferiority. You don't like them because their physical beauty reflects the shame of your own undesirability. You hate cops because you're too hideous and deformed to ever graduate from the Police Academy. You avoid the ugly facts because you're an ugly person, and those facts remind you of yourself. You don't like cops because they kick your ass. That's precisely why we like them—because they kick your ass.

You call them "Amerikkkan pigs," huh, mister? You can stuff that kind of talk up Mr. Castro's cigar, buddy. Go to "Cubba," "Thailland," or "Mexxxico," and see how you're treated. They'll shoot you dead in the streets. And I hope they do, because you don't appreciate freedom.

Only cops have enough compassion to hurt someone when they deserve it. When he clonks you on the head with a nightstick, it's because he's concerned about you. He's only trying to smack a little sense into your head, ya stupid kid. It hurts *him* more than it hurts you. If a cop stops you on a lonely roadside and steals your money, it's because you've disappointed him. If he forces sex on you, take it as a compliment. Maybe he finds you attractive. When he crushes your jaw under his boot, grinding your cheeks into the gravel, say, "Thank you, officer." He's just trying to help.

One cop, one gun, one heck of a good time. Cops have the skills, training, and organization to accomplish what sloppy, psychosis-addled serial killers never could. A well-trained squad of killer police is our greatest bulwark against the menacing wave of overpopulation. All hail the bullies in blue!

It's very simple: More cops, fewer problems. Take away the cops, lose everything. You'd all be buzzard meat without police. Erase the thin blue line, and your brains will be soapsuds smeared all over the streets. Because the "cream" which will rise to power under pure anarchy will behave exactly like cops, only they won't be muzzled by law. If you think police brutality is bad, wait until mob brutality replaces it. You'd better hope that cops start beating up more people, and quickly. A police state is a *peace* state.

There are too many laws and not enough cops. Let's simplify the legal code. Break it down to only two prohibited items: stupidity and unoriginality. Those are the main social problems, the ones from which all others spring. The death penalty would be mandatory in both cases. Stupid people would be euthanized. But unoriginal people, since they represent insidious genetic stagnation, would be tortured to death. Stupidity and unoriginality. Excise these life-threatening tumors and declare the patient cured.

The only way to eliminate social problems is to eliminate society. Humanity's existence is a crime.

Punish it. Cops are the best

pesticide we have, antibodies to our viral culture. Our beautiful blue earth is being eaten alive by the pests, the vermin, the arthropods, the social termites. Give them all a withering, purifying squirt of bug spray. If they can't get up and lick their antennae clean, they deserve to die. Watch the roaches scatter when the *cops* start doing drive-bys!

Look at any magazine from the fifties and see how clean everything was: clean skies, clean cars, clean teeth, clean hamburgers. Cops can scrub it clean again, but we have to unlock the handcuffs from around their beefy wrists. Then we need to give them the legal equivalent of a Brillo pad. Under current laws, police aren't much better than moist towelettes on

society's grubby fingers. Let them wash the whole body down. Declare martial law. Give them one week to move in on the problem. Just seven days to give society a good shower and shave.

A week of police-inflicted death, a couple of aspirins, and society would be on the road toward bristling health. Give cops carte blanche to kill. Don't let them squander this precious opportunity. Let them kill until there's no one left to kill. Permit them to murder and murder until cops are the only humans remaining. Then we won't need cops anymore.

A world full of cops would usher in a new millennium, a thousand-year policemen's ball. Therefore, we must subsidize law-enforcement's admirable destructive potential. To put it simply, we must liquidate anyone who isn't a cop. Revoke the constitutional prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment. Let's get creative! Do whatever it takes. Let the police stir up enough terror to reestablish order. And when the masses are finally lined up in neat rows, turn on the killing machines.

Let's spend our tax money on something sensible for a change. Let's give policemen the heavy artillery to do the job right. Let every corner of this great nation be packed with sandbags and machine-gun turrets. Give them space-age tanks to roll through your dirty neighborhood. Give them more choppers, more guns, more bombs. Give them laser beams and mustard gas. Give them parachutes and land mines. Give them jet planes and smart bombs. Give them astronaut suits and napalm. Give them nukes and fuel-air explosives. Give them night-vision technology and bold Robocop monsters. Teach them karate. Award them trophies.

Everyone should be a cop. Deputize yourself. Arrest your neighbors and their children. Form citizens' posses and round up everyone you don't like. Administer street justice.

We need more black cops. We need more Asian cops. We need more Hispanic cops. We need more cops. Let them patrol our mountains and beaches, our highways and byways, every nook and cranny of our cookie-soft infrastructure. Give them macho assault trucks to plow through crowds. The crowd is filled with lawbreakers. The crowd is the enemy. Keep the crowd back. Keep it back. Push the crowd back. Beat them back to the wall. Fire a warning flare. Then shoot to kill. ■

